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DIOGENES'S *Rambles*:

O R,

HUMOROUS CHARACTERS

OF THE

Most Ncted PEOPLE at present in the *World*:

In Allusion to the STORY

Of the Cynic's searching *Athens* at Noon-Day with
a Candle and Lanthorn

To find out a MAN.

Containing the CHARACTERS of

A Grecian.

A Turk.

A Bashaw.

The Kyslar Aga.

The Reis Effendi.

The Grand Visier.

The present Grand Signor.

Prince Ragotski.

Marquis of *Langallacre*.

Bashaw *Bonneval*,

Kuli Kan, or *Nadir Scatch*.

The Great Moghul.

Dey of *Algier*.

A ——— I V ——— n.

Sir R — t W ——— le.

Cardinal Fl ——— ry.

Proving that the Queen of *Hungary* has the best Title
to Manhood at last

By the Chevalier DENNIS COETLOGON, M.D. Knight
of St. Lazare, and Member of the Royal Academy of
Angiers.

L O N D O N:

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MDCCLIII.

[Price Sixpence.]

GEORGE W. BROWN

O. R.

HUMOROUS CHARACTERS

O. R.

Most Noted PEOPLE as given in the World

In America and Europe

For the purpose of making a collection of the most
of the world and the world

To find out a



to find out a

to find out a

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Diogenes's Rambles:

O R,

CHARACTERS of MEN

In all NATIONS.

INTRODUCTION.



T seems surprizing to me, that even in *Diogenes's* Time Men had so degenerated from their former perfect State, that our Cynick Philosopher was oblig'd to borrow an artificial Light, amidst the Sun's greater Radiancy, to find one worthy that noble Character; for 'tis by this only we are made a perfect Image of the Divinity, and distinguish'd from all the rest of the Created Beings. What had *Diogenes* done, had he liv'd in our present Age? and which Light could he have made Use of, to find amongst us a Man of his own Taste? since, after the most exact Enquiry, he was forced to confess, that he could find none amongst those Illustrious Personages of Antiquity, who have been the Admiration of future Ages, and whose rare Perfections, and excellent Qualities, have been since thought Inimitables. *Athen's Areopage* itself, so much
B celebrated

lebrated for having been Reason's most flourishing Empire, and from whence issued, as from a plentiful Source, an inexhaustible Treasure of Virtue, Wisdom, Prudence, Learning, and all the rest of the inestimable Perfections capable to adorn our Minds, and render us perfect Men, even, in *Diogenes's* Opinion, was suspected by him, wanting that scarce Commodity. But stop, for a Moment, *Diogenes*: Enter that sumptuous Edifice; look with some Attention on those eminent Persons who compose that august Assembly, and whose venerable Aspects strike every Beholder with an awful Respect and Reverence: Listen to their pathetick Discourses and learned Lessons, which flow from their eloquent Mouths, as so many Oracles dictated by the Supreme Wisdom itself. All that is true: But still, *Hominem quaro*, I look for a Man, such an One as should be in Reality, what those venerable Pedagogues appear to be, and are not.

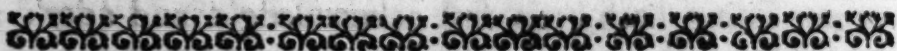
Oh, could but thy Ashes be re-animated, *Diogenes*! And couldst thou but rise from thy Tomb, with what greater Reason, and more justly, couldst thou say, in the present Iron Age we live in, *Hominem quaro*! Too happy! were we bless'd, in these our unfortunate Days, with some of those excellent Men, not accounted such by thee in thy Happy Ones. But since Death has effectuated, what was impossible to Mankind, the stopping thee amidst thy Career, before thy necessary Curiosity could be satisfied, Lend me thy Lanthorn; I'll begin where thou hast left off, and proceed on thy intended Journey; if not with the same Skill and Exactness, at least with the same Curiosity; and, after all, end, in all Appearance, as thou hast done, unsatisfied. I'll run over all the known inhabited World: I'll search with the most serious Attention, from a Prince's Closet, to a simple Peasant's meanest Cottage: And were I so happy, in that tedious and difficult Journey, to meet with a Man, such thou hast so long look'd for in vain, (which I think almost impossible) I could flatter myself with the Hope of *Dying* with more Ease and Tranquillity, than the Cynick *Diogenes* himself.

Must

Must I look for a Man into that celebrated Part of the World! That terrestrial Paradise, which was favour'd with thy first Smile, and echo'd with thy last Sigh: *Asia*! That enchanted Country, wherein the Supreme Being hath been first acknowledg'd and ador'd; where the first Temple hath been consecrated to the Divine Worship, and the first Priest dedicated to the Altar; where Virtue hath been first practis'd, and Eloquence flourish'd; which hath given Birth to all Sorts of Sciences; wherein the Muses were born and educated, and the Arts, both Liberal and Mechanick, first invented; where the Woods and Forests were first charm'd with *Apollo's* Musick; where *Apelles'* Pencil was admir'd, and *Phidias'* Chizel's inimitable Strokes ador'd; where Crime was first legally punish'd, and Virtue first rewarded: From whence all the other Parts of the World receiv'd their Laws or their Legislators, and where the greatest Heroes were form'd?

If I enter'd that noble Stage, no doubt, but I might find, not only one, but a vast Number of Men, to my Taste, (for I am not so difficult as *Diogenes* was) and was I to meet but with another *Demosthenes*, *Socrates*, &c. that would satisfy my Curiosity, and hinder me proceeding any farther. Therefore, I fancy myself landed on that Side *Gracia* where *Athens* stood, as the properest Place for my Purpose. But what's become of *Athens*? Is not this the very Spot of Ground, whereon that Metropolis of a powerful, opulent, and flourishing Common-wealth stood? where its strong Ramparts, the vast Number of its Inhabitants, who gave a Check to the Conqueror of all *Asia*, and stopp'd, for a considerable Time, the Rapidity of his Conquests? Perhaps I might be mistaken; this is not the Place: Let's consult my Geographick Chart. Yes; this is the very Place, or the Geographer himself is mistaken; which cannot reasonably be suppos'd, since 'tis the famous *Le Fer*, with whom *Tavernier*, *La Croix*, *Sir John Chardin*, and all the other most impartial Travellers agree. However, there's something coming towards me under an human

Figure: Let's go and meet him; He might, perhaps, help toward satisfying my Curiosity. Come quickly; My Lanthorn.



ASIA.

The Character of a Modern GRECIAN.

BUT, Heaven! what a monstrous Figure! How dejected are his Looks! how unsettled! what little Vivacity in his Eyes, or Sedateness in his Countenance! How awkwardly he steps, and uncourteously accosts me! What Irregularity in his Dress! All certain Proofs of the Disorder of his Passions. *Basil* smil'd (for he had by this Time inform'd me of his Name) to see me, as I suppose, with a Lanthorn at Noon-day. *Hominem quero*, says I: I look for a Man. I am a Man, answer'd he, with some Precipitation, and at the same Time burst into an excessive Fit of Laughter: Which hearing me deny, he took all the Pains imaginable to convince me of his Quiddity, by some Demonstrations, which, in his Opinion, were evincive and undeniable. He speaks (says he) like a Man; he walks upright like a Man; but if he acts like a Man, or thinks like a Man, why that dejected and sad Countenance? Why that seemingly dissatisfy'd Mind? Why that Indolency and Inaction he seems to live in? What's become of the prodigious Fertility of these Fields, celebrated by all the antient Poets, and so vaunted by the most famous Historians? Our Inaction would be blameable, answer'd *Basil*, were we to exert our Industry with some Hope of Advantage to ourselves; but when we consider, that the Tyranny we live under is to reap the Fruits thereof, we find in ourselves little Inclination towards restoring our Fields to their former Fertility; and we are contented with Tilling of them, for what we think absolutely necessary to keep us above a State of Indigency; nay, our
Strength

Strength is so crush'd under Oppression and heavy Burthens, that it would be impossible for us to exert it any farther, were we even to have the greatest Inclination so to do.

Basil's Mind is as imbecil as his Body, and as uncultivated as his Fields: For though one should think he hath Time enough left to exert his Soul's Faculties, towards making himself perfect in all the Sciences, which had render'd his Ancestors the Admiration of the whole Earth, and will perpetuate their Memory to the latest Ages; yet he is so ignorant, that he scarcely knows the essential Difference between himself and the Brutes. He makes no other Use of his Reason, than to give one to understand, that he had been created to be guided by it; but that the Creator's Design hath been, in Part, frustrated. The mentioning the Antient, or even Modern History of his own Country, is a Kind of Paradox to him. Call him a Furlong from his Cottage, you bring him quite out of his Knowledge; and ask him where *Athens* stood, he'll send you as far as *Corinth*, though perhaps he is born in the Ruins of that *Metropolis*. With all these Imperfections, and this gross Ignorance, which a Man should be ashamed of, *Basil* is still vain enough to think himself a worthy Descendant of his illustrious Ancestors, and that he rivals them in Glory, as he surpasses them in Ambition and ridiculous Pride, which convince me He is no Man: Therefore, *Hominem quæro*.

The Character of a TURK.

A *TURK* is another Kind of amphibious Creature, tho' more a Brute than a Man, with much Pride, a great deal of Ferocity, and little or no Reason, Ignorance is so predominant among them, that he that hath the least Tincture of Learning is esteemed the best *Turk*.

I enter *Mustapha's* Tent, or Hut, whom I find sitting cross-legg'd on the Ground, least his bulky Machine,

(for

(for in Fact he is nothing else but a Kind of Clock-work) should be expos'd to some Naufrage; if upon a higher Seat, his Elbow on a dirty Cushion, and his monstrous Head leaning carelessly on his Hand, a Pipe in his Mouth, and a Pot of Coffee before him, surrounded with some Friends and Neighbours, in the same Posture; some picking their Toes, some telling the Hairs of their Beard, and others setting upright their vast Mustachoes. To ask the *Mustapha* the Subject of their Conversation, is to puzzle him as much, as to ask him the Explanation of some Passages of his Alcoran; the one being as confus'd and unintelligible as the other; tho' not equally respected; for *Mustapha* might chance to have an Alcoran, to whose Outside he pays, perhaps, as much Reverence, as the blind *Jews* to *Moses's* Law; but he leaves the *Mufti*, or the other *Mahometan* Priests, the Care to read it; neither could he do it if he would: He joins, at certain Times, in a Chorus with the rest, to cry in a noisy Musick, (which had frighten'd *Orpheus* out of his Wits) *Halla, Halla*; not out of any Principle of Religion, but because 'tis a Custom, and he is forc'd to it: He even, by Intervals, makes the Roof of his House eccho with that Sacred Name, but only while he labours under some Extremity, or wants some particular Favour from Heaven, which is no sooner obtain'd, but *Halla* is forgotten, till he finds himself in the same Distress, or wants the same Succours: He honours *Mahomet* with an extravagant Worship, tho' he knows nothing of him further, than he was a Great Prophet; neither doth he understand the Signification of that Word *Prophet*. He abstains from Swine's Flesh, and all other Creatures deem'd *Immondes* by the Alcoran, and even refuses drinking Wine in publick, but waves those religious Scruples in private: He observes the *Ramesan* in the Day-Time, and while he could he be surpriz'd infringing that solemn Fast; but at Night, retir'd with his Family, and his Doors shut, he makes Amends to his Stomach for his past Sufferances.

Wholly

Wholly wrapt up in sensual Pleasures, *Mustapha* knows no other Felicity, temporal or eternal. He agrees in that Point with all the rest of his Sect, that Woman hath no Soul, tho', perhaps, at the same Time he dies, before he hath minded that he had one himself.

Nobody, in all Appearance, is readier to obey his Emperor's Orders than *Mustapha*, and Nobody doth it with more Reluctancy: Born a Slave, he wishes to be free; would shake off the Yoke, but dare not, or cannot: Always prone to Rebellion, and always loth to undertake it, or mortally afraid of the Consequences. His whole Care is how to get Money, even by the most indirect Means, and how to screen it from the prying View of his Emperor's Satellites, or their Emissaries: Always miserable in the greatest Plenty, for Fear, if suspected rich, of losing his Life with his Fortune: Unacquainted with Virtue, he practises none, and familiariz'd with Vice, he glories in it: Quite a Stranger to True Bravery and Intrepidity, he is never brave but when his Reason is stupified, (if ever he had any) or even he hath ceas'd being a Man (if he could ever have deserv'd that noble Character;) for while in *Mustapha's* Tent, I am yet at a Loss to find a Man. *Hominem quero.*

The Character of a BASHAW.

LET's see if I can find One among Persons of a superior Rank in *Turky*: For it seems that those who are preferr'd to the most eminent Posts of an Empire, should likewise surpass all the rest in Merit and other extraordinary Perfections. What was *Solyman Bashaw's* first Origin? And how did he come to be preferr'd to one of the most considerable Governments in the *Ottoman* Empire? His Extraction is utterly unknown; and all that can be learn'd of his Fortune's Foundation, is, that being favour'd by the capricious Destiny, he was chose from among the Tribute Children

dren, to be educated in the Emperor's Seraglio, among the *Isoglans*, or his Highness's Pages. He was of so supple a Genius, that he had soon found Means to insinuate himself into his Master's Favours, and to gain his Confidence: He was of all his Parties of Pleasures, those of the Women only excepted. Sultan *Amurath* was seldom seen riding in Triumph through the Streets of *Constantinople* without *Solyman* by his Side; or ascend his magnificent Barge without him. He was so docile, that the proud Sultan had no Need to use any other Linguist, than that of his Eyes, to be punctually obey'd by the vigilant *Solyman*; who, at last, became so great a Favourite, that no Favour could have been expected, but must have pass'd through his Hands: Thro' those Means, and the Riches and frequent Presents of the *Sultaneses*, and of the Great Officers of the Empire, he amass'd an immense Treasure; not, however, without some Jealousy from a great Number of Rivals, by whom a Throne is always environ'd; which being observ'd by the GRAND SEIGNOR, and for fear some Accident should happen to his Favourite, which had not been perhaps in his Power to oppose, he hath thought proper to part with him for a Time, by appointing him *Bashaw* of *Egypt*, which is one of the best Governments in the whole Empire.

How does *Solyman* behave himself in his new Station? Does the Memory of his former Condition, in which he was born, Slavery, engage him to be less tyrannical, and more compassionate to his Master's Subjects? No: He uses them with as much Severity, as ever have done any of his Predecessors: Never satisfied, he minds nothing but to encrease his monstrous Wealth, by the deplorable Devastation of his Government, and the Oppression of his Benefactor's Subjects. Perfect Stranger to all Sorts of Compassion, he is neither moved by the Clamours of the Distressed, or the innocent Tears of the Orphans. He will have no Body rich throughout all *Egypt* besides himself; and, as 'tis a Crime to be accounted such, and punishable with Death, he never fails
seizing

seizing on the Deceased's Thresure. All Sorts of Employments are sold by him to the best Bidder, and but too often to the less deserving. Even twice, in a very short Time, to get twice the same Purchase : He seizes on the *Timariot's* Estate, on the least Suspicion, real or pretended, of an intended Offence against him or the Emperor, and keeps it in his own Hands.

But however, is *Solyman* faithful to his Trust, and does he manage his Master's Interest as well as his own? No; he is as much noted for his Ingratitude, as for his Cruelty and Avarice; and would perhaps render himself absolute and independent in his Government, if not over-aw'd by the watchful Divan.

Was I in *Solyman's* Place, I should live in the continual and mortal Apprehensions of a *silken String*? He is little afraid of that; for now, as those Sorts of Executions are become less frequent in *Turky*, he is politick enough to maintain himself in the Emperor's Favour by the magnificent Presents he sends from Time to Time to the Seraglio. *Solyman* is rather a Devil than Man; and therefore, *Hominem quero?*

The Character of the Kislar Aga, or Chief of the Black Eunuchs of the Seraglio.

I Know it, Ladies, that Capons of this Kind are not a Dish proper to be set before you : But you'll cease, perhaps, laughing at me, or accusing me of Idiotism, for searching a Man amongst those, whom the whole World knows to have lost the most evident Signs of Virility, if you'll consider, that the Virility I am in quest of, is *metaphysick* and *moral*, not to be demonstrated by Physical Experiments, at least such as you might expect. In vain it might be objected, that even that very same Virility I look for, vanish'd with the *Ablation* of those essential Marks of a natural one, since the antient Historians are pleas'd to inform us of the contrary, by mentioning some Eunuchs Heroes, who have surpassed in Courage and Bravery, those in the

entire Possession of their natural Parts; even amongst these amphibious Creatures I am mentioning, Persons of that Character have been met with; since *Mahomet Kishlar Aga*, under *Hibrabim*, and who was took by the Gallies of *Malta*, on his Voyage to *Mecca*, (which was the Occasion of that long War of *Candia*, and which proved at last so fatal to the *Venetians*) defended himself, Sword in Hand, with an undaunted Intrepidity, when the *Gallion*, whereupon he was, was boarded by the *Maltese*, and was at last rather overpower'd by the great Number of the Enemies, than by a Courage equal to his; and if that eminent Quality, which is most in Danger, can be saved from our Virility's Naufrage, why not Prudence, Wisdom, Learning, Virtue, &c. some of them being the Perfections absolutely requisite to a *Kishlar Aga*; for tho' his Virtue can't be expos'd to any Trial, by the free Access he hath to the Sultan's Mistresses, he wants, however, all the Prudence imaginable, to manage with Dexterity the different Intrigues of those beautiful Captives, and to hinder the Fire of their Jealousy kindling into a dangerous Flame.

There's none amongst the Seraglio's Great Officers, who approach nearer the Sultan's Person, or has more Opportunity to be in private with him; and being always of his Sublime Highness's Privy-Council, he can't be without a particular Merit, and without which he is very seldom rais'd to that eminent Post. There is seldom any Cabal in the Seraglio, but the *Kishlar Aga* hath one of the greatest Shares in it. 'Tis true, that his Reign lasts no longer than that of his Master, and that at the Sultan's Deposition, or Death, he shares the Fate of the Sultaneses; for while they are sent to the old Seraglio, *Kishlar Aga* is disgrac'd, and sometimes strangled: But they take Care to provide against the first of those two, too, common Accidents, by amassing immense Treasures, while in their Post; since Covetousness is inseparable from the Quality of *Kishlar Aga*, which join'd to his other natural Imperfections, render him rather a Monster than a Man. *Hominem quaro.*

The

*The Character of REIS EFFENDI, or
The OTTOMAN EMPIRE'S Great Treasurer.*

THIS is the Gulph, wherein the Torrent of the Wealth of the most opulent Empire in the whole World centers itself; therefore the *Reis Effendi* must be a Person of great Trust, and of a consummate Experience in the Management of the Finances: Of all the great Officers of the *Ottoman Empire*, there's none more expos'd to the Popular Emotions than the Great Treasurer; for as they often proceed from want of Money, and seldom can be quell'd without it, the Treasurer runs the risk of falling a Victim to their unbounded Rage and Fury, if he can't, or refuses to gratify their unjust Demands; nay, oftentimes, without any previous Complaint, they plunder the Treasure, drag him by Force from his House, or from any other Place where he may have taken Sanctuary, and tear him in Pieces. Therefore, he must be possess'd of great Wisdom and Prudence, to screen himself from those imminent Dangers, and quell, as easy as possible, the Fury of those ravening Wolves.

Mehemet Reis Effendi, who was Plenipotentiary at the Treaty of *Passarowitz*, and since that, Ambassador at the Court of *France*, was a Minister duly qualified for that great Trust, and worthy of a greater Post; he was liberal, had a profound Knowledge in State Affairs, free from those Subterfuges and Evasions so common in *Turkey*, he was a Stranger to Pride and Insolence, and, in his Person, all the Politeness and Gallantry of the most civiliz'd Court in *Europe*, were join'd to the Oriental Fierceness, of which this is an Instance; his Excellency, while at *Paris*, sitting at the Opera next to a Court Lady, she ask'd him how he lik'd that sort of Diversion, to which *Mehemet* gallantly answer'd, *That his whole Attention having been taken up by her irresistible Charms, it was impossible for him to mind the Actors.*

The great Intimacy I had contracted with *Mehemet Reis Effendi*, having accompanied his Excellency in his

Return to *Constantinople*, could furnish me with more Proofs of that kind, and almost oblige me to confess, that I had never found so worthy a Man, had he not appear'd infatuated with the *Alcoran* Reveries. Therefore, *Hominem quæro*.

The Character of an AGA of the JANISSARIES.

FEW have more Power or Authority in the *Ottoman* Empire, especially at *Constantinople*, than an *Aga* of the *Janissaries*; insomuch, that the Emperor himself is afraid of disobliging him, lest, as he hath the Command of the best *Ottoman* Forces, he should excite some dangerous Commotion, or head the Factious; his Orders are almost as irrevocable as those of the *Mufti*, with this Difference, that the *Mufti's* factious Orders can't be executed without the Concurrence of the *Janizar Aga*, when on the contrary the *Janizar Aga* can both command and execute of his own private Authority. The Sultan seldom misses granting the Requests made by him, or in his Name, or espoused by him; for by refusing it he exposes himself to the most imminent Danger. *Amurat* the IVth, who knew by the cruel Death of his Brother *Osman*, the dangerous Consequences of countenancing, by an uncommon Timidity, the Insolence of those Officers, had, with great Success, the Heads of some of them cut off, which Executions kept the rest in a due Respect and Submission to their Sovereign. *Abassa's* Revolt happened at the Beginning of his Reign, which was the only considerable one wherein the *Janissaries* had no hand; on the contrary, it was raised against them; for *Abassa* alledg'd to colour his Defection, that being once at his Prayers in a Mosque, the unhappy *Osman* appear'd to him, and address'd him in these Terms. ' *Abassa*, the most faithful of my Slaves, I command thee to revenge my Death by that of 50,000 *Janissaries*. Therefore all of them that he took Prisoners he either hang'd or impaled immediately.'

'Tis

'Tis easy to suppose, that a *Janizar Aga's* best Qualifications must be an heroick Courage, but as it is seldom upheld by other eminent Qualities, *Hominem quæro.*

The Character of a DROGEMAN, or INTERPRETER.

A *Drogeman* should be perfectly well skill'd in the *Turkish* Idiom, sincere and faithful to his Master, and indued with Courage and Firmness ; but, alas ! his Condition is expos'd to so many Dangers, that the Fear of being impal'd or strangled, force him to enervate the Energy of his Master's Expression ; for if the *Turkish* Ministers please to think the *Drogeman's* Discourse too bold or insolent, as they seldom care to attack the Ambassador himself, they discharge all their Fury on his Interpreter. M. *De la Haye Ventelay*, a Minister of *France* at the Porte, in the Reign of *Mahomet IV.* had the Displeasure to see his *Drogeman* impaled, on that frivolous Pretence, and himself forced out of *Constantinople*, which the King of *France*, *Louis XIV.* resented to that Degree, that he forc'd the proud *Ottomans* to a Submission they are not used to ; and I have seen some of the Grand Vizier *Kiuperli's* Letters wrote on that Occasion, and sign'd *Poor Makmet*, in Compliment to the King of *France*, which differs very much from the haughty Style of the *Turks*. However, the poor *Drogeman* could not be restor'd to Life again, which cruel Executions render them so timorous, that I could not expect to find amongst them what I look for ; *Hominem.*

The Character of the GRAND VIZIER.

THIS is the second Person in the Empire, the faithful Depositary of his Sovereign's most private Secrets, the Interpreter of his Intentions, and the Performer

former of his most absolute and sacred Orders, and therefore should be the Man I am in quest of.

Selim is indebted to a popular Emotion for his Elevation to the eminent Post of *Grand Vizier*, contrary to the Emperor's Intention or Inclination ; and therefore hath need of all his Cunning to keep his Ground ; as he was bred up among the *Bostangi*, 'tis easy for him to keep a certain Number of secret Emissaries in the *Seraglio*, who inform him of all the Cabals form'd against him, and whom he takes Care to reward liberally for their Services : He has taken into his Confidence the *Aga* of the *Jamissaries*, who was the first Instrument of his Elevation, and hath loaded him with Presents, for there's no lasting Friendship in *Turkey* without it. Being suspicious of the late *Caimacan*, or Governor of *Constantinople*, he got him supplanted by one of his Creatures, and hath even aimed at his Head : He is mortally hated by the *Sultaneſs Valide*, and the *Kiſlar Aga*, or Chief of the Black Eunuchs of the *Seraglio* ; but he is favoured by the favourite *Sultaneſs*, whom he had found Means to oblige on many important Occasions, while he was in the *Seraglio* ; besides, as she extravagantly loves Luxury, he supplies her Passion with an incredible Liberality and Profusion. Convinced that his Predecessor, who had married one of the Sultan's Sisters, hath a formidable Party in the *Seraglio*, as well as in *Constantinople*, he would have taken off his Head, and had even excited his own Partisans to ask for it, but met with too strong an Opposition, and was therefore disappointed. He seldom sees the Sultan, but when he cannot possibly avoid it ; for Fear his too frequent Visits should put the Emperor in mind of what had passed at his Promotion, who would then, perhaps, send him to some private Conference with his Mutes ; and when the Exigency of the Empire's Affairs forces him to it, he takes Care to pave his way with a Number of Purſes, or some other Presents ; but as those Visits are extremely expensive, he hath taken Occasion of the War with the *Christians* to put himself at the Head of the *Ottoman Armies*,

to save those Expences, and to endeavour, by some signal Advantages over the avowed Enemies of the *Turkish* Name; to gain his Sovereign's Confidence, dissipate his former Prejudices, and discountenance the Parties formed against him.

The *Vizier* is not without some very good Parts, and is remarkably free from Avarice, which is almost natural to the *Turks* in general, and the Prime Minister in particular, which hath rendered him the Soldiers Darling; for tho' the *Turks* hate Liberality in themselves, they nevertheless admire it in others, especially when they are to reap the Benefit thereof; he don't endeavour, as other *Viziers* before him have done, to their Dignity's Shame, and the Empire's Disadvantage, to enrich himself at the Army's Expence; but on the contrary, he takes a great deal of Care it shall be always very well paid, and when the Remittances are too slow, he makes it up out of his own Coffers. The least Advantage his Troops gain over their Enemies, they are sure of being handsomely rewarded for it; flush'd with those Encouragements, the *Turks* seem inspir'd with a Courage which is not natural to them; for they never used before to conquer, but by the vast Superiority of their Forces, while on the contrary, at present they seem to be able to cope with their Enemies, even when the Troops are of equal Number on both Sides, and gain Ground every Day upon them.

The News of some considerable Check happening to *Selim*, which at another time would throw the Seraglio, and the whole City of *Constantinople* into a Consternation, would be very welcome at present to his Enemies at both Places; tho', in my Opinion, it would be very difficult to take off his Head at the Head of his Army, neither do I think him so blind, or so good a *Mussulman*, to submit himself so willingly as did *Cara Mustapha*, after the raising of the Siege of *Vienna*, in Hopes of dying a Martyr, by obeying blindly his Sovereign's Orders.

Selim

Selim has another excellent Quality, which is not common among the *Turks*, which is being firm and immoveable in his Resolutions and Designs, when concerted for the Good of the Empire. Some are of Opinion, that he is indebted to Count *Bonneval* for his Knowledge in military Affairs, with whom he kept once a strict Correspondence.

Amidst these few rare Perfections, the *Grand Vizier* is guilty of an impardonable Fault, which is that of being vindictive to Excess ; for he thirsts as much after his Enemies Blood as they do after his, and would not even spare that of his Sovereign, could he find Means to spill it with Impunity ; if that's true, *Selim* is no Man for me. *Hominem quero.*

Character of the M U F T Y.

I AM much mistaken, or this is the chief of *Mahomet's* Jugglers, and Interpreter of Dreams and ridiculous Visions, which he sells for Truth, (tho' himself is convinc'd of their Falshood) and for ready Money only. His venerable Beard, his *Pontificalia*, and his affected Modesty and Gravity, all denote in him the *Levitick* Craft.

The *Mufty* is always accounted the most subtle Jesuit of the Alchoran ; his Cunning, not his Learning, (for he is almost as ignorant as those he pretends to instruct in his mock Religion) his Hypocrisy, not his Virtue, have been the Steps thro' which he has ascended to the Pontifical Chair ; he is commended for his Wisdom, because he makes Stupidity and Ignorance the chief Articles of his Sect's Belief ; and it would be a kind of Sacrilege to pretend to be wiser, or even as wise as he is supposed to be. All Sorts of Sciences are forbidden by him, which would prove a Key to discover the monstrous Falshoods of the Alchoran, and therefore he is the Promulgator of a Law, which neither he nor his Auditors understand. The Emperor himself is obliged

to pay a blind Obedience to those ridiculous Paradoxes of a crafty Enthusiast, which unbecoming Submission hath been, in Process of Time, attended with such fatal Consequences, that some of them have been cited before the *Musty*, to answer the Accusations preferr'd against them by their Subjects, and have been deposed, and often strangled by the irrevocable Decree of that Oracle of Falshood. If the Sultan refuses obstinately to obey the third of the *Musty's* *FETTA*, or Summons, he is depos'd, *ipso facto*, without any Formality. The unhappy *Ibrahim* indeed tore two of them, and at the third he was depos'd and strangled: He was certainly a Prince unworthy of a Throne, but his chief Crime, and the only one which could at that time have occasioned his Fall, was his taking the *Musty's* Daughter against the Father's Will. Few Seditions are conducted with any Appearance of Success, without being led by the *Musty* in Person: If the People are dissatisfied, and wish for a Change, or rather want their Sultan's Head, or some of his chief Ministers, the *Musty* must be consulted, and if he pronounces in the Affirmative, the Enterprize seldom miscarries. All true *Mussulmen*, if they ever hope to enter into *Mahomet's* Paradise, must be in their Life-time scrupulous Observers of the Alchoran's most insignificant Article; but the *Musty* is excepted out of that General Rule; for as he keeps the Keys of that Paradise in his Pocket, he can enter it when he pleases, and which Way he pleases. However, as his *Mustyship* is not impeccable, neither does he escape always unpunish'd; but as that happens but very seldom, his Punishment is as extraordinary as the Enormity of his Crime; for he is to be pounded in a Mortar kept for that Purpose at the seven Towers; to make them remember, as might be suppos'd, that he should suffer for all the heavy Burthens he hath loaded others with; when at the same time he should help them to the utmost of their Power; but why should I stay so long in a Place where there's no Man to be found. *Hominem quero.*

The Character of the GRAND SEIGNIOR.

SHALL I find him within the Walls of this lofty Pile, and find him to be that Person I see shining with a vast Number of inestimable Jewels, the Radiancy of which eclipses the Light of my Lanthorn; raised on a magnificent Estrade, incircled with the most beautiful Women that ever my Eyes beheld; and with so majestic an Aspect, as to command a due Respect from every one who approaches him; but what's the Language spoke in this Place? Are they all condemned to a perpetual Silence? or do they express their Thoughts in a manner quite different from all the rest of the human Race? who are those Jesters I perceive in that Corner? are they *Rich's* Pupils, and are they acting a *Pantomime*? No; they are only speaking the *Seraglio's* common Dialect, wherein there's seldom any other used but a mute one. That Emblem of Power, Magnificence and Grandeur, who seems as absolute and dreaded as if all the other Monarchs of the whole Universe were subject to his Empire, or chained to his Throne, is nevertheless the least happy of them all, and the more exposed to Fortune's Inconstancy: His Favourite's Maladministration, the different Factions whereinto the *Seraglio* is divided, a considerable Victory gain'd over the *Ottoman* Army, a Revolt of the *Janissaries*, a Sedition in *Constantinople*, Scarcity of Money in the Empire, an Interruption in the Commerce, a Jealousy among his Women, might chance to deprive him at once both of his Crown and Life, or force him to beg, as a special Favour, that he might be permitted to end his unhappy Days in the dreadful Obscurity of a Dungeon. Amidst all those imminent Dangers wherewith *Amurath* is threatned, he lives in a continual Indolency, and groundless Security, minding nothing else but how to find every Day new Revels for his sensual Pleasures, without considering that some time or other, when he shall be most plung'd in them, he'll hear his rebellious Subjects assembled

affembled in a tumultuous Manner at the Gates of his Seraglio, asking for his Deposition, or his Head. *Amurath* is Emperor, 'tis true, and the most formidable of the whole Earth; but he knows no more of the Affairs of his Empire, than his Ministers are pleased to inform him of: Neither would he chuse to enter into a more strict Detail, lest it should prove an Obstacle to his Pleasures, to which he is so much addicted, that he finds his whole Time too short to gratify them. The Sultan is oblig'd by the Alchoran to work with his own Hands, and even some of his Predecessors have diverted themselves at it, and have presented afterwards the Viziers of the Bench, and the chief Bashaws of the Empire with some of their Works, who in Return, and as a Token of Gratitude, tho' often forc'd, sent to their Emperor a certain Number of Purfes; but *Amurath* is a very irreligious Observer of that Law: He had a mind once or twice to command his Armies in Person, but he never went farther than *Adrianople*. He delights in no other Company but that of his Women, his Eunuchs, and his Mutes; neither would I be obliged to keep him Company, for I love Men's Company. *Hominem quæro.*

The Characters of Foreigners of Note who have resided or reside in Turkey.

The Character of FRANCIS RAGOTSKY, Prince of Transilvania.

MUST I find you every where, most illustrious Prince, and every where unhappy? In what can your Highness have offended Heaven, to make you so long inconstant Fortune's Tool? The first Time I had the Honour to see you was in *France*, and in that enchanted Solitude built by the Marshal *de Tefse*, near that of the *Camaldulles Monks*, and wherein your High-

ness used to pass the happier Hours of your glorious Life, in the Contemplation of the Divine Attributes of the supreme Arbiter of our Destiny, before whom the most potent Princes upon Earth are nothing but like so many Atoms: And in the continual Practice of both Moral and Christian Virtues, visited by no others but a few select Friends, who you thought could not divert you from those heavenly Occupations, and would learn from your Highness's Example how to behave in the greatest Adversity: Always persecuted, and always immoveable; Fortune's sharpest Arrows seem'd rather blunted than to make any Impression on your marvellous Constancy; and had your Highness liv'd longer, it would have been almost impossible to guess which of the two would have been soonest tired; she to persecute, or you to suffer; not with a Pagan Insensibility, but with a Christian Resignation to the Almighty's Will; tho' not of the Protestant Persuasion, as some of our News Writers have insinuated; since I have been Witness to the contrary.

All the Calamities that beset this Prince were owing to his Grandfather's Ambition, who, not contented with *Transylvania*, to which, (from a simple Lord) he had been called by the States of that Province, at *Betlehem Gubor's* Death, made many frivolous Attempts to incroach on his powerful, and most formidable Neighbours, by which, and his Perfidiousness, (for he used to treat with two opposite Parties at once, and at last prove faithful to neither) he drew a Storm upon himself, in which he was swallow'd up; for the *Turks*, with whom he had made many Treaties, and had kept not one, invaded his Country; and *Ragotsky* going in Person to oppose them, a Battle ensued, in which he was worsted; and having on that Occasion, as he had on all others, perform'd the Duty, both of a great Commander, and of a Soldier, with a Courage natural to him, he receiv'd some mortal Wounds, of which he died at *Clausenbourg*, where he went to conceal himself. From that Time *Transylvania* had been a Prey to the
first

first Invader, sometimes to the *Turks*, sometimes to the Emperor ; till at last the Emperor becoming Master of the most considerable Part of the Province, this our Prince *Ragotsky* was restored to his Ancestors Dominions ; but upon some Conditions, which being thought by him unreasonable, and allured by the *Turks* fair Promises, he shook off the Empire's insupportable Yoak, and put himself under the Porte's Protection ; but the Emperor pressing hard upon him, and he not receiving in Time the Succours he expected from the *Turks*, having for a considerable Time struggled against his unhappy Fate, with that Courage hereditary in his illustrious House, was at last forc'd to fly into *Turkey*, where he was for a long while entertain'd, or rather flatter'd with the vain Hopes of being restor'd to his Principality. He continued there till the Conclusion of the Treaty of *Passarowitz*, when he came into *France*, and return'd again into *Turkey*, where he lately died in Exile. Unhappy Fate! almost common to all the Princes dispossels'd of their Dominions.

Prince *Ragotsky* was deserving of a far better one, tho' I question much if his Highness knew any other than that of being entirely Master of himself, and of his Passions : His Disinterestedness, in particular, was so great, that he refused accepting any other Presents from the late King of *France's* Liberality, who had a great Esteem for him, but such as could not be suspected of an unbecoming Love for Money. His House at the *Camaldulles* was all over adorn'd with *le Brun* and *Coepell's* Works, engrav'd by *le Clerc* and *Callot*, presented to him by *Louis XIV.* and accounted by him his best Furniture. In fact, all the rest was answerable to that noble Simplicity ; for (a few of the Marshal's Goods excepted) his House resembled rather a Monk's Cell than a Prince's Palace. Neither was his Highness contented with it, for he had one built in a Garden in the same Form with that of the *Camaldulles Monks*, where he used to retire himself every *Friday*, and sometimes for a whole Week together. Therefore, had not the
Divine

Divine Sapience assur'd us there's none perfect but God himself, Prince *Ragotsky* should be the Man I search for. *Hominem quæro.*

The Character of the Marquis of LANGALLERIE.

HE was a *Frenchman*, born of a noble Family, but had no other Merit, (if it can be accounted so) than an extravagant Ambition, which being despised by *Louis* the XIVth, who had always a right Notion of a real one, *Langallerie*, provok'd at the King's slighting him, and pretending to some Enthusiasm, run over all the Protestant Countries, preaching a Sort of Protestant Croisade, against his natural and legitimate Sovereign; but his seditious Discourses not being accompanied with that Sanctity inseparable from those inspir'd by the Holy Ghost, and consequently meeting with no Success, he pass'd into *Turkey*, to induce the Sultán to come fix the Crescent on the Ruin of the Sanctuaries of the true God; which second Attempt proving as unsuccessful as the first, he return'd into *Germany*, enter'd into the Emperor's Service, follow'd Prince *Eugene* into *Italy*, and there was murdered by a *German*; a Fate which his Ambition had justly deserved, and which cut him off of all the Pretensions he could have claimed to Manhood. *Hominem quæro.*

The Character of Count BONNEVAL.

WELL met once more, dear Count, and Brother in Sufferings, since they both proceed from almost the same Source; for had not your Tongue prov'd too witty against the House of *Orleans*, and had not I been suspected to have wrote against the present *English* Government, tho' both without a criminal Intention,
you

you would not have been obliged to enter into the Emperor's Service, at the Risque of your satyrical Noddle; or I been confin'd and fetter'd in the *Englisch* Inquisition *Newgate*; few Steps distant from a fatal Tree, which hath no other Virtues, than to cause a violent Quinzie, and to which a Pack of Parasites and Informers wanted to pave me the Way; but we have both had the Satisfaction, being unjustly accused, to have escaped the Danger; for I am apt to think that there was no more in the Accusations of *Peculat* formed against you by your most mortal Enemy the Marquis of *Prie*, Governor of the *Netherlands* at that Time, than there was in those of Treason exhibited against me by a Crew of beggarly Scoundrels, who wanted to feed on my Skin. But let it be how it will on thy Side, I can assure you, that if in former Days you too severely, tho' in a jocosè manner, without a premeditated Design, censured a Prince's Conduct, thine is violently accused in our Climates, since thou art called Renegade, *Bashaw Bonneval*, and what not. Who knows if you was at present amongst us, whether (tho' in a Country where Liberty of Conscience is allow'd) some of us would not turn Inquisitors, on purpose to have the cruel Pleasure of making a Carbonade of thy old ruff Flesh? For my part, having known thee *intus & foris*, I entertain yet the same good Opinion of thy Faith, especially when I consider, that you could not become a *Mussulman*, without the Precision of your Foreskin, which is too dolorous an Operation to undergo at your Age. Therefore I believe you yet as good a Christian as those who accuse you of Mahometism; but not quite so perfect a Man as to hinder me from pursuing my Rambles, *Hominem quæro*.

The

The Character of an ARABIAN.

PERHAPS I may chance to find one in these vast Desarts, whose Reason, Wisdom, Prudence, Virtue, Charity, Equity and Learning may have chose for a Sanctuary, ever since they have been expell'd from the best inhabited World. O! what's that? I see some Clouds of Dust; I hear some Horses pass; I am surrounded by a Party; they have stole my Lanthorn, my Lanthorn! my Lanthorn! pray give me my Lanthorn; *Hominem quero*, I look for a Man; we are upon the same Errand; but I look for a Man perfect in his Kind, such a one as *Diogenes* wanted, and could never find; and we look for one rich in his Kind, from whom we may get a good Booty, and such a one as you don't appear to be, since you make so much Noise for a miserable Lanthorn; take your Lanthorn, but let's examine your Pockets; come, quickly, for we have Affairs of greater Consequence, which calls us elsewhere; what! not a single Sultanin! no, not a single Sultanin; *Hominem quero*, I look for a Man: That is to say, I have made an entire Divorce with all those, who at present so undeservedly bear that noble Character. I have utterly refused to familiarise myself with Injustice, Theft, Rapine, Perjury, Extortion, Hypocrisy, Deceit, and all the other Vices those who call themselves Men are guilty of; and as none but that Sort are Fortune's Favourites at present, 'tis not surprizing that you find me so poor; and—but they are already disappeared, and gone upon the Scout some where else; for an *Arabian* seems to be born with a natural Inclination to Theft, occasioned by their abominable Idleness, which proceed perhaps from the Sterility of their Country. Tho' in the most fruitful ones, where some of their Tribes have transplanted themselves, even in *Palestina*, in the Places where they are the most numerous, they appear nothing else but a frightful Image of Poverty and Misery. Their chief Occupation is Thieving, as I have already mentioned,

plundering the Citacombs or Pyramids of *Egypt* of their inclosed Mummies, which they sell to the Merchants for a great Price. In short, an *Arabian* is as barren of every Thing, but Theft and Rapine, as his own Desarts of all the necessary Blessings of Life; so leaving him and his sandy Territories at once, where nothing rational is to be met with, we must seek in other Countries for a *Man*.

*The Character of SCACH NADIR; or
THAMAS KOULIKAN.*

AND, Hark! Where the Trump of Fame sounds a Conqueror in our Ears, that has subjected almost all that Part of the Globe, which is shined on by the rising Sun: My Lanthorn is safe; come, let me clip its Light, to make it shine, for here surely my Task will end, and I shall be able to say, *Hominem quæsi & tandem inveni*. But first let me examine him thoroughly — My Light though it displays every Object clearly, yet never glares; let me see, his Person is agreeable: He is now about Fifty-five Years old, upwards of Six Foot high, well proportioned, of a very robust Make and Constitution; his Complexion sanguine and inclining to fat; but the Fatigue he undergoes prevents it; he has fine large black Eyes and Eyebrows, and were a Set of *European Ladies* to judge, they would perhaps call me old doating Fool and *Cynick*, and vow that he is a *Man*, and the most comely One they ever beheld: For that the Injury the Sun and Weather have done to his Complexion, gives him a more manly Aspect; and to corroborate this Opinion, I need only to inform you, that though he drinks Wine with Moderation, he is extremely addicted to Women, in which he affects great Variety, yet never neglects his Business: His Hours of Retirement among the Ladies are few, seldom entering their Apartments before Eleven or Twelve at Night, and is up and in Publick

E

before

before Five in the Morning : His Diet is simple, chiefly plain Dishes ; and if publick Affairs require his Attendance, he neglects his Meals, and satisfies his Hunger with a few parched Pease and a Draught of Water.

In the Camp or the City, he is always constantly in publick, and if not so, may be sent to or spoke with by any Person. He Musters, Pays and Cloaths his Army himself, and will not suffer any Perquisite to be taken by the Officers from the Soldiers on any Pretence whatever.

He has monthly Accounts transmitted to him of the State of Affairs in all Parts of his Dominions, and holds a Correspondence with his several private Spies, in every Place : Besides, in every Province and City, there is a Person called *Hum Calam*, appointed to inspect into the Governor's Actions, and keep a Register of them ; no Affair of any Consequence can be transacted but in the Presence of that Officer, who, besides the Account the Governor is obliged to send monthly, transmits his Journal by a separate Conveyance, whenever he thinks convenient, without permitting the Governor to peruse it : He has no settled Salary, but is rewarded or punished just as *Nadir Schah* finds he deserves. — This certainly must be — *Hominum quæro*, and, at this first View who can seem to come nearer to it ? But to proceed : This extraordinary Caution in a great Measure prevents the Governors oppressing the People, or entering into any Conspiracies and Rebellions against him.

He is extremely generous, particularly to his Soldiers, and bountifully rewards all in his Service who behave well. He is at the same Time very strict in his Discipline, punishing with Death those who commit a great Offence, and with the Loss of their Ears those whose Transgressions are of a slighter Nature : He never pardons the guilty of what Rank soever, and is highly displeased, if after examining the Affair, any Person presumes to intercede in their Behalf, before which they may give their Sentiments with Freedom. *Hominem quæro,*

quaro, and if he holds out to the End, surely I have him.

When on a March, or in the Field, he contents himself to eat, drink and sleep like a common Soldier, and inures all his Officers to the same severe Discipline: He is of so hardy a Constitution, that he has been often known on a frosty Night to repose himself on the Ground, in the open Air, wrapt up in his Cloak, with only a Saddle for his Pillow, especially when upon any extraordinary Enterprize which required Expedition, he has been obliged to outmarch his Baggage, by which Means he has fallen upon the Enemy when they least expected him. He is never happy but when in the Field, and laments the Time that he is obliged to stay in a City to refresh his Troops, in which, as in all Things else, he uses the utmost Dispatch: His Meals are over in less than Half an Hour, after which he returns to Business, so that his Servants who attend him standing, are changed three or four Times a Day. — Now surely *Hominem inveni*, for he never indulges himself in any Kind of Pleasure in the Day-time, but constantly at Sunset retires to a private Apartment, where, unbending himself at once from all Business, he sits with two or three of his Favourites, and drinks a Quart, or at most three Pints of Wine. — A proper Lesson of Instruction this is to some of our sullen *European* Princes, who, except an intriguing Minister, or a favourite Concubine, can never be said to *converse* with any Thing in human Shape! In this private Conversation, no Person is allowed to mention any Thing relating to publick Business: Nor at other Times must they presume upon this Intimacy to behave with more Familiarity than their Equals. Two of his Evening Companions happening to transgress in that Point, by taking the Liberty to advise him in publick, he immediately ordered them to be strangled, saying, “ Such Fools were not fit to live, who could not distinguish between *Nadir Schah*, “ (or the Emperor) and *Nadir Kuli* (or his former De- “ gree.”) Notwithstanding this he has been very kind to all who please him in Conversation, and behave with

a becoming Decency and Deference in publick, where they are taken no more Notice of, nor have they any more Influence over him than others of the same Rank. —But, Ha! My Light grows dim; *Hominem quero*, and if, after all, I should perceive any Thing that this great Personage should do that should debase him beneath the Man, with what Sorrow shall I see it? — I am afraid, and proceed with great Reluctance. — But hold, here's something more offers in his Favour before we come to the black Cloud that seems to hover round him. — Amongst his extraordinary Faculties, his Memory is not the least to be admired, there being few Things of Moment, that he ever said or did but what he remembers, and can readily call the principal Officers in his numerous Army by their Names. He knows most of the private Men, who have served under him any Time, and can recollect when, and for what, he punished or rewarded any of them. He dictates to one or two Secretaries, and gives Orders about other Affairs at the same Time, with all the Regularity and Promptness imaginable.

In Time of Action he is equally surprizing, it being scarce credible how quick he is in discerning the Odds on either Side, and how active in succouring his Troops: If any of his General Officers give Ground without being greatly overpowered, he rides up and kills him with his Battle Axe (which he always carries in his Hand) and then gives the Command to the next in Rank. In all the Battles, Skirmishes and Sieges he has been engaged in (altho' he generally charges at the Head of his Troops, he never received the least Wound or Scar, and yet several Horses have been shot under him, and Bullets have grazed on his Armour.

Many other memorable Things have I seen of this Hero, whose Actions are sufficient to convince the World, that few Ages have produced his Equal: As he has performed such Wonders when he had hardly Money or Soldiers, what might we not expect from him now he is possessed of such immense Treasure? 'Tis probable he may live thirty Years longer, and in that
Space

Space of Time, if his Designs are attended with Success he has hitherto met with, to what Pitch of Grandeur may not one of his *unbounded Ambition* and *Courage* arrive?

That last Reflection has sullied all his Conquests, and reduced him to the lowest Rank. — 'Tis that *Ambition* that made him false and perfidious to his Royal Master, who had showered Bounties on him: 'Tis that *Ambition* that spurr'd him on to seize a Throne he had no Right to sit on, and made him put out his Eyes, and confine him for Life in a loathsome Dungeon.

His Mother, angry at his insatiate Thirst after *Ursurpation*, and touch'd with Compassion for the suffering Monarch, intreated him, some Time after he had seiz'd the King, to restore him, not doubting but his Majesty would make him sufficient Amends, by creating him *Generallissimo* for Life: He asked her, "Whether she really thought so?—She told him, she did:—Upon which he smiled, and said, "If I was an old Woman, perhaps I might be inclined to think so too, and desired her to give herself no Trouble about State Affairs. Fatal *Ambition* has therefore disappointed my Hopes here. *Hominem quaro*, and if *Nadir Schah* has forfeited that Character, I am sure all *Asia* cannot afford one fit for it.

The Character of an AFRICAN:

WILD and inhospitable, from his Cave he starts, to seize all that come in his Way, and divest them of whatever little Necessaries they have; though his chief Employment is a Robber by Sea; miserable indeed is the poor Wretch who falls into his Clutches: The *African* is inveterate against all Christians; he, like the *Turk*, indulges himself in all manner of Pleasures, and brings home his ill got Riches at Sea, to squander on his Women in Luxury at home. They are at continual Wars with one another, and more to be compared

compared to the savage Beasts that inhabit their vast wild Deserts, than any rational Creatures: As such then let us leave the Coasts of antient Carthage, the great Competitor for Mastery with haughty Rome, now how unlike its former self. *Quaro Hominem*, and shall we seek for him in

A M E R I C A.

O Hideous! Let me fly hence lest Christians become worse than the wild *Arabians*, and rob me of my *Lanthorn*; for what have we hear but a Nest of Pirates, Runaways from their native Countries, who fatten here upon the Spoils of one another, and upon the Labour of the harmless *Indians*: It is amongst those *Indians* that I should seek if any where, and here, perhaps, I might have succeeded formerly, but they have been so conversant with their new Lords, that they are corrupted by their Arts, and are become as bad as they. — But hold, what have we here, the brave *Admiral* whose Praises have been spread through all the World, for his Courage, Conduct, and Success in Naval Fights: Sure here my tedious Task must end! For every Month is full of his Virtues and heroic Prowess: The Muses in joyful Harmony speak loud his Worth, and tune their sweetest Instruments to his great Actions: And see, some grateful Hand has raised his Bust, glowing as it were with Life, and left the following Inscription as a Memorial thereof.

To A——I E——D V——N.

*Ever victorious, without a Colleague:
Who,*

*Renouncing for the Publick, every private Employment;
Deserted by all but his own Courage and Virtue;*

*Supported solely by the Spirit of a Patriot,
With six Ships only,*

*Repaired the Disgraces of a B——n Navy,
While the Honour of his Country
Was betrayed at Home,*

He

*He asserted it Abroad,
And while the Councils of E——d
Were under the Influence of F——ce,
Humbled the Pride of her and S——n.*

This must be he, cried I, in a Rapture: The Patriot who can thus renounce Ease, and all the Comforts of Life for the Good of his native Country, must certainly be the M A N I seek for; but how sadly was I disappointed, when upon surveying him with my Lanthorn, I found the Vapour of Praise greatly diminish, occasioned by a tickling Ambition that fretted round his Heart, and would not let him enter heartily into his Country's Cause, because he was linked with another, and had not the sole Command; I was very sorry to see so much Virtue dash'd with such a base Alloy, and so departed —— *Quæro Hominem*: But instead of that, I must first of all trust myself for a considerable Time amongst a Pack of Brutes upon the watry Element: I have no need of my Lanthorn there, for one may discern with half an Eye, the Difference between *Men* and *Tarpaulins*. Well, thank Heaven! We are got near *Europe*; a Place where sure it can be no hard Matter to find out a *Man*, since all who are born there think themselves Angels, in Comparison with the Natives of the other Parts of the World.

As we are now got into *Europe*, I shall survey first the Place where I soonest touch Land.—Bless me! What a delicious Isle is this, surrounded by several smaller, and seem alike bless'd with Plenty of every Thing that may suffice Necessity, or gratify Pleasure; but it is not a delightful Situation I am seeking after. *Quæro Hominem*; it would be presumptuous to look for that in the Monarch or chief Ruler of this delightful Spot, he must be more, and can be nothing but a *God*: With awful Reverence then let me leave him, and search amongst his Favourites and Attendants.—Ha! I look round,—the C—— is full, and not one can I perceive: O here he comes at last; for by the Crowd of Cringers that attend him, this must be a *Man*, or something as
strange,

strange, unless it be some Image of a Deity carried in Procession.—— Pray old Friend can you tell me who this is? *Quero Hominem*, is this one or not? —— Says a reverend poor old Creature that stood by me, this, Sir, is a discarded M——r, but rather more in Favour since his Disgrace than before. You shall hear his Character summed up in few Words, and then judge.

The Character of the late Sir R—— W——.

HE is a Person of Ability, not Genius, good natured, not virtuous; constant, not magnanimous; moderate in the Exercise of his Power, not equitable in engrossing it: His Virtues in some Instances are free from the Allay of those Vices which usually accompany such Virtues: He is a generous Friend, without being a bitter Enemy: His Vices in other Instances are not compensated by those Virtues which are nearly allied to them: His Want of Enterprize is not attended with Frugality: The private Character of him is better than the publick: His Virtues more than his Vices: His Fortune greater than his Fame: With many good Qualities he has incurred the publick Hatred: With good Capacity he has not escaped Ridicule: He would have been esteemed worthy of his high Station, had he never possess'd it, and is better qualified for the second than the first Place in any Government: His Ministry has been more advantageous to his Family than the Publick; better for his Time than Posterity, and more pernicious by bad Precedents than by real Grievances: During his Time, *Trade* has decayed, *Liberty* declined, and *Learning* gone to Ruin: Were I his Servant, I should love him; but as I am free, I detest him; as I am a Scholar, I hate him, and as I am a *Briton*, I wish his Fall.—— Yet this very odd Composition hath held us in worse than a slavish Subjection, for upwards of twenty Years, and has, at last, brought over his Opposers to his Side.

Nay,

Nay, if that's the Case, cried I, let me be gone; for if this Wretch has been suffered to proceed so long with Impunity, it is impossible that there can be one left with the Spirit of a *Man* in the Kingdom; so farewell G ——— t B ——— n. ——— *Hominem quaro.*

And pray observe the Humour of those slow paced Rogues the *Dutchmen*; no sooner was I landed, but I observed they had dragg'd from the Dead, my venerable Friend *Diogenes*, and tortured him in Effigy, to make him a meer Sign Post Supporter, to an old Fellow whom they would make you believe was the very *Man* that sage Philosopher had so long sought after: I should have asked the stupid Rogues what they intended by this irreverent Blunder, but upon applying my Lanthorn, I found, notwithstanding the Appearances they put on, that they were in reality nothing but a Parcel of meer *old Women*, and so I left them. ——— *Hominem quero.* ——— However, to give them fair Play, let us examine whether the Candidate deserves the Appellation of *Man* or not.

The Character of C ——— l FL ——— Y.

IN the first Place he is a Jesuit, their Policies are well known, and indeed he is no Shame to the Society: His Maxims have been very beneficial to his Country, but destructive to almost all the Nations round, having hurt their Trade more by his artful Insinuations, in time of a profound Peace, than his utmost Efforts in War could possibly have effected: He is all a Contradiction; some esteem him as a publick Blessing, for keeping them so long in a seeming Tranquility, and others look upon him as a general Plague, in endeavouring to foment Discords between them during that Time of Quiet: He aims to be in the Secret of every Cabinet, and would have the *French* be sole Arbiters of the World, by which he has drawn the Hatred of all Nations against them; thus while he grasp'd too far, he lost the Substance, and caught at the Shadow. ———

So prithee good *Diogenes* quit thy Post.—*Hominem* *quaro*.

As I was going to vent my Wrath upon the poor Print, the Figure of the old *Cynic*, I perceived by my *Lanthorn*, began to address itself to my intuitive Faculties, which the Doctors of the *Rosy Cross* know is very practicable and frequent, and addressed himself to me in the following Manner.

“ My Son, said he, one View more will render your *Lanthorn* useless: By the Word *Hominem* I did not confine myself to the male Part of the Creation only, but had I met with any thing excellent in the tender Female Sex, that would have equally stopp'd my Search; for *Virtue's Virtue* wheresoe'er she dwells: The Fates denies this Happiness to me, it was reserved for thy better Days; turn there thy Light, and behold a Princess struggling for her own and her Subjects Liberties; greater in her *Adversity* than her false Persecutors in all their borrowed Glory; Interest and Ambition are her least Motives, truly pious, truly great, and truly glorious: Here then say you have found the *Wonder of Mankind*, which has been so long sought for. Shame to her more masculine Neighbours! As for me, since they have brought me once more upon Earth, I am content to stand here upon the following Condition, That you strike out this Thing of a Cardinal, and in the room thereof put the Likeness of my beloved Princess, and write instead of *Hercules*, &c. de Fl——y, *Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary*; the very Name, perhaps, may prove an *Amulet* to revive me, and bring me once more in Person upon Earth.

F I N I S.



